

THEIR HOPES ARE ALL ON THE POLE.

To just one woman and one little girl in the whole wide world does the North pole amount to much. This woman is Mrs. Robert Peary. The little girl is Marie of the same name. Tradition gives every human being a fateful star; theirs is the North star. Every life revolves about some dominant idea as about an axis; the axis of their lives is that same North pole. There never was a compass made which pointed north so unswervingly as the hearts of this child and this woman. It is another case of "My heart's in the Highlands."

For ten years that foolish stick in a waste of snow has swept its shadow across Mrs. Peary's life. She has had thirteen wedding anniversaries. On eight of them the North pole has thrust itself between her and her husband. Mrs. Peary had just been married to the lieutenant and was ready to cast covetous eyes east, west, north or south, as the case might be; or, more strictly speaking, as the lieutenant might be. The lieutenant wanted the North pole.

"We'll go and get it," said Mrs. Peary.

They went. They lived, loved, longed and learned—which is accurate, as well as alliterative—but the pole declined the honor of acquaintance. The unspeakable impudence of the thing!

"We'll go again," said Mrs. Peary. They went a second time. Still they failed to capture the pole. But what of that when they brought home from the Arctic snows a little baby girl?

Last year the woman and the little girl followed their hearts to the north once more to search for the pole searcher. Last week they came back again. Their hearts, the pole and the searcher are left behind. The incredible pole still declines the honor of the lieutenant's acquaintance, and they two are going to sacrifice one more year of their lives, one more wedding anniversary, to this long-suffering ambition. It really seems as if even the grim genius of the North pole might at last be placated.

Herbert Bridgman is the president of the Peary Arctic club. His specialty is turning Lieutenant Peary loose in the Arctic zone and then going back in a year or two to see if he can find him. Twice he has left the explorer up there and twice has gone back and found him. About a month ago he turned him loose for the third time.

"And," says Mr. Bridgman, "he looked better and stronger than ever before. When the Windward goes up for him next year I expect to find him safe and sound."

"I think Mrs. Peary will be ready to say 'Enough!' when this expedition is at an end. Think of the time she has spent in Greenland. Mrs. Peary's life on board, especially during the eight months during which they were frozen in, could scarcely have been exhilarating. She had books to read, but one can read a whole library in a year if one has nothing else to do. Of course, she had Marie."

"Marie had lessons with her mother and that helped to pass the time for both of them. When they were frozen in they could go ashore; but there was little to do, especially as that was the time of the Arctic night."

"Marie is a bright, pretty child, with fair hair and fair skin like her father's and mother's. This summer, of course, she had the Eskimau children for playmates and the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race was never better looked after than by Marie. The little 'huskies' were strictly in subjection. I don't mean that she was domineering, but she knew—well, she knew that she was born a leader of 'huskies.' She rattled off the native tongue as well apparently as the other children did. Mrs. Peary said that Marie even talked 'hucky' in her sleep."

"What did they say?"

"I hardly know," admitted Mr. Bridgman, who doesn't play himself. "They romped, you know. That was it; romped up and down the deck. And, oh, yes! Marie had paper dolls. The little 'huskies' regarded the paper dolls with a fever of admiration. I dare say Marie could have bought out a village with those dolls."

"It's a great place for bargains, the Arctic zone is. The last time I was up there I bought a blue fox skin for a white teacup. This time I did even better. I got some furs in exchange for some ship biscuit."

"Were the Pearys all well when you found them?"

"Oh, yes. We on the Erik passed the sound where the Windward lay without either ship seeing the other. In those strong currents and with the continuous daylight it is hard to keep track exactly of one's whereabouts, and before we knew it the Erik had gone too far north and we had to turn around and come back. As we were making our way down again, of course, I was anxiously looking for familiar landmarks. First one headland and then another were recognized, and then I began searching the shores for the old red Erik box car, in which we had left Peary before. It wasn't to be seen."

"Then I suddenly caught sight of a white spot high up on the face of a cliff. It looked like a tombstone. Not a cheerful fancy and not a likely solution to the problem either. While I was puzzling over it Kioia, a native who was on board, called out in his own tongue:

"The ship! the ship!"

"Sure enough. It was the crew's nest of the Windward, and we soon rounded the point and came upon her, battered and weatherbeaten but safe and sound. I took the mail on board and we had a hearty greeting all around. It was a year since they had news from the outside world, and I had to say to Mr. Peary, when I gave him the letters:

"There's bad news in them."

"Mother," he said.

"Yes."

"When?"

"It was pretty hard to begin our reunion with that little dialogue, which told him of his mother's death."

"But he had Mrs. Peary and Marie."

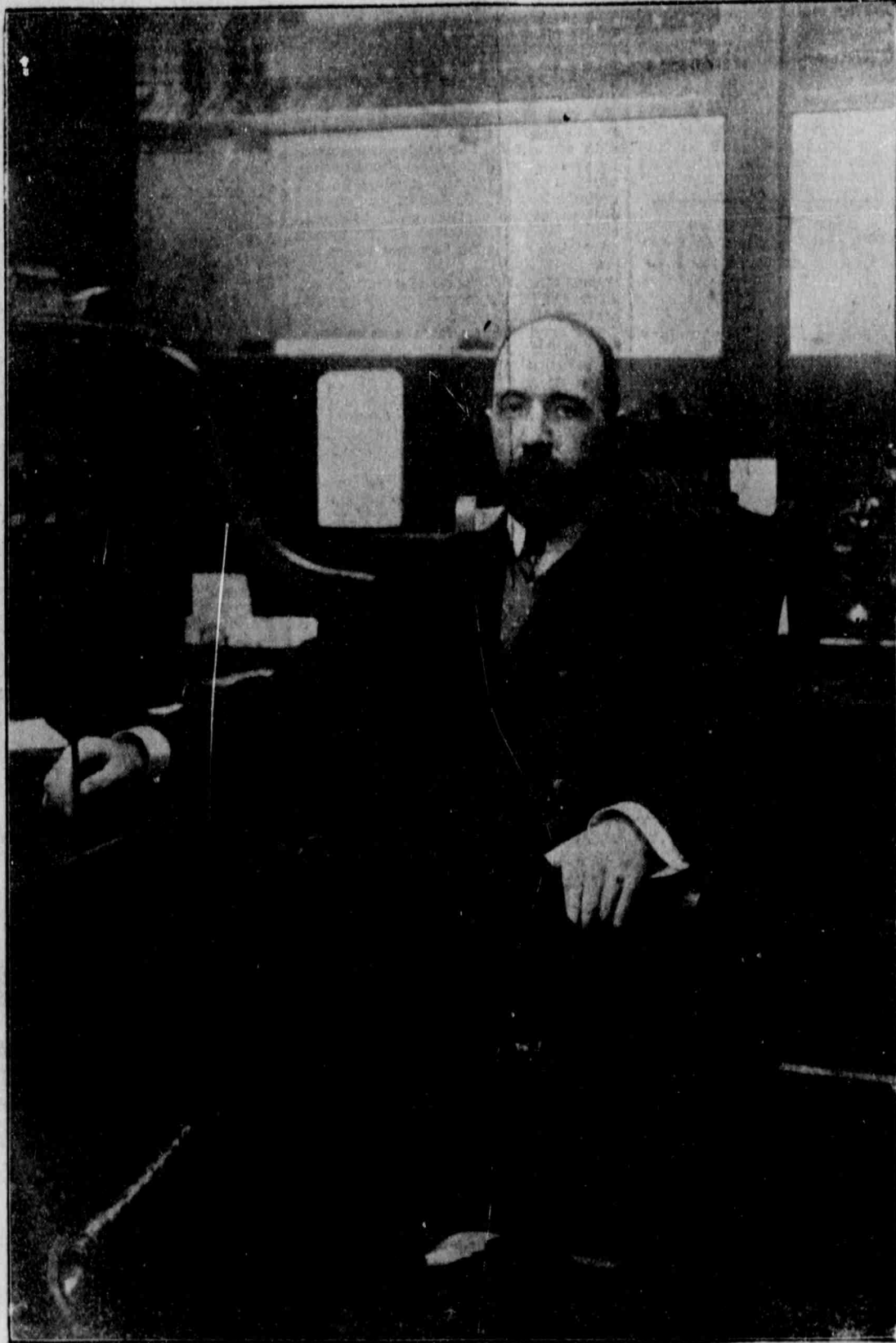
"Yes, and they had him."

Mr. Bridgman tossed over a photograph. It was of Lieutenant Peary seated on some bare rocks with a little furry figure beside him; a little figure all in fur from top to toe. The clothes were Eskimau, but the face in the peaked seal skin hood with its border of fox-skin was a dear, delicate little face. The tall man and the furry little girl sat side by side on the rocks. Uncomely close they sat and the seal skin hood was tight up against the lieutenant's arm. One would have said it was glued to that arm. Truly Marie had her father while she could. The picture made one's heart ache. How jealously the child forbade a breath of air to creep between them then. And now what empty miles of winter are frozen there!

"It was the first Wednesday in August when we found the Windward," said Mr. Bridgman. "A strange thing about it was that Mrs. Peary had told the party on the Windward that we would come that day. At dinner the captain and Mr. Peary laughed at her and told her that she was a poor prophet, but she insisted that they wait until the day was over before they called

BRAVE WIFE AND LITTLE DAUGHTER OF LIEUTENANT PEARY VERY CONFIDENT HE'LL WIN.

OUR BUSIEST MEN.



Photo, by Johnson.

SCHUYLER V. SHELP.

The man who presides successfully over a vast business institution like that of Walker Bros. Dry Goods company, must of necessity be a busy man. He can belong to no other class. He must be able, far sighted, clear headed—capable of solving the big problems that so frequently present themselves in this day of ever active competition, with as much dispatch as he disposes of apparently insignificant details. Such a man is Schuyler V. Shelp, who presides over the business concern above named.

The Walker Bros. Dry Goods company had its beginning in this city in 1857, being founded by the well known firm of that name. From that day to this it has grown constantly and its business transactions have reached into the millions. Mr. Shelp, the present manager, is a native of New York State, where he was born forty two years ago. He is regarded as one of the best dry goods men in the west. Prior to coming to Salt Lake he represented Cleveland, Kansas City and St. Louis houses. He arrived here in 1890 and five years later was chosen to fill the position he now holds.

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her powers of prophecy in question. And sure enough about 6 o'clock we appeared."

"Mrs. Peary," continued Mr. Bridgman, "is perfectly informed on all the details of Arctic exploration. When the Windward goes next year after Lieut. Peary it will be absolutely unnecessary to send anybody with Captain Bartlett and Mrs. Peary—to manage the needs. She is familiar with the natives, all of whom know her and obey her implicitly. After we had left Mrs. Peary and started south she happened to think that we had brought Mr. Peary's chronometers with us to be repaired and that he had no watch he could depend on. She decided to send him hers and we therefore left it with one of the natives at a settlement we passed. He was ordered to take it to Mr. Peary and I haven't a doubt that he would do so."

"The last time we left Mr. Peary up there we sent back to him his telescope, which we found on board the day after our separation. The second day we gave his comb to another native with orders to take it back, and the third day we found a cushion which we gave to a third native. He told us he received them all."

"How much would you give a native to deliver these things?"

"Five them? Oh, you don't give them anything. All they want is food and Mr. Peary gives them that when he receives the things."

"Wasn't it hard for Mrs. Peary to leave her husband up there again?"

"Yes, of course, but she has supreme confidence in his ability to surmount dangers and difficulties. It's a confidence which everybody gets who sees much of him. There was Charlie Percy, our steward. He simply volunteered to stay up there with the lieutenant this year. Just offered to do it, you know. There's Mat, the colored man who has been with Mr. Peary all these Arctic years. I suppose Mat doesn't care any more about the North Pole than I do about that telegraph pole out there. But he sticks so long as the lieutenant does."

Last month, when we were trying to

work up to Payer harbor, where Lieut. Peary wanted to spend the winter, the ice began coming down on us thick and fast. The floes grew more wicked looking every day and finally Mr. Peary came to me and said that if things didn't improve he would go ashore at the most available spot that offered and let us turn around and make for home while we could. Things didn't improve and he was as good as his word. He put off in a small boat to go ashore and make a reconnaissance. He had barely started when the ice began closing in on all sides. It looked as if the little boat must surely be caught and crushed. Mr. Peary, standing in the stern, shouted his orders quickly, sharply and with always just the right effect. First the little party slipped through the ice in one direction, then in another and so on until they were safe in open water."

"And Mrs. Peary? Was she watching?"

"Yes."

"And she was frightened?"

"Why—she knew and we knew that the lieutenant would escape. That's his way. He knows danger so well that he always seems prepared."

"But when she left him up there. Surely she must have thought—"

"That she might not see him again? Probably; one always thinks that. It's the proper thing. But at least they bade each other farewell bravely—on deck this time. The time before this she didn't come upstairs, but this time he said they'd better 'have it out.'"

"And Marie?"

"There was the picture with the little furry head glued to the tall man's arm. 'Well,' said Mr. Bridgman, shuffling the papers on his desk in a sudden search for something which he forgot to find. 'Marie said: 'Good-bye, Charlie; take good care of papa.'"

"Charlie was the steward, you know," he added, and then, somewhat irrelevantly, "Her voice broke, but she was plucky."

There seems to be a strain of pluck throughout the whole Peary family. Mr. Bridgman turned—with relief, perhaps—to some maps and charts; some if them made by Peary's own hand, the very first charts ever made of the northern coast of Greenland. On one map, a printed one, there were ink marks, notes, indications of routes and the locations of caches; all made by Mr. Peary. And from Cape Hecla north ran a straight line of bold dashes in red ink. They mark the route Lieut. Peary means to take next year when

he tries for the pole again. Good luck attend him! After all Mrs. Peary and little Marie have put up with, there's no one will deny that, if the genius of

the North Pole refuses still to be discovered, he's no gentleman at all and should be left to his own society.—New York Sun.

LIGHT ON THE PEARY CASE.

Halifax, N. S.—Captain Joseph Blakeny, who was master of the Peary relief steamer Erik, arrived in this city and told the story of the trouble between Lieutenant Peary and Dr. Dedrick. Captain Blakeny said:

"Dr. Dedrick wished to have command of the Windward during Mr. Peary's absence. He was ambitious. Mr. Peary refused to grant this request to Dr. Dedrick."

"Soon afterward Dr. Dedrick tendered his resignation to Mr. Peary. The resignation was promptly accepted, and the members of the party considered that the acceptance of the resignation was a surprise to Dr. Dedrick. The latter evidently thought the matter would be dealt with by Peary in the same manner as was his former resignation, last spring."

"Dr. Dedrick withdrew his previous resignation. What the cause was I cannot say. Mr. Peary used diplomacy, and he and the doctor agreed to go on as if nothing had happened. But harmony did not follow, and when Dr. Dedrick offered his resignation a second time, after having asked for the temporary command of the Windward and having been refused, Mr. Peary accepted it."

"The day that Dr. Dedrick was informed that his resignation had been accepted he had his trunk sent aboard the Erik, and every one thought that he intended to proceed south on the vessel."

"Dr. Dedrick went to Mr. Peary and asked if he might be put ashore. The request was granted. He went below and, to the astonishment of everybody, for it was the summer season, dressed

himself in his winter furs, putting them on over his summer clothes."

"Dr. Dedrick was sent ashore with a boat's crew. As his foot touched the shore he said to the man in charge of the boat: 'Don't come after me again; I'm not going back.'"

"The incident was reported to Mr. Peary. The fact that Dedrick was armed was noted. A council was convened by Mr. Peary. It consisted of himself, Dr. Cook, H. L. Bridgman and Mr. Wickoff. The employment of force to bring Dr. Dedrick back was considered, but abandoned, mainly on the advice of Dr. Cook, who argued that such a procedure could not be effected without bloodshed."

"It was determined to take no chances of a fight, but to try to coax him back, then put him aboard the Erik and send him south with the relief steamer. To accomplish this Dr. Cook and Mr. Wickoff went ashore in the evening. They spent two or three hours with Dr. Dedrick in an attempt to convince him that his grievances were imaginary. After several hours spent in discussion Dr. Cook and Mr. Wickoff returned to the ship without Dr. Dedrick. They left him at Etah, to fight his own battles and get along as best he could."

"The cause of the trouble between Mr. Peary and Dr. Dedrick was the former's refusal to give Dr. Dedrick command of the Windward, and, so far as I know, there is no truth in the story that valuable minerals were discovered and that trouble arose over their division. The story of the finding of gold in the polar region is a myth."

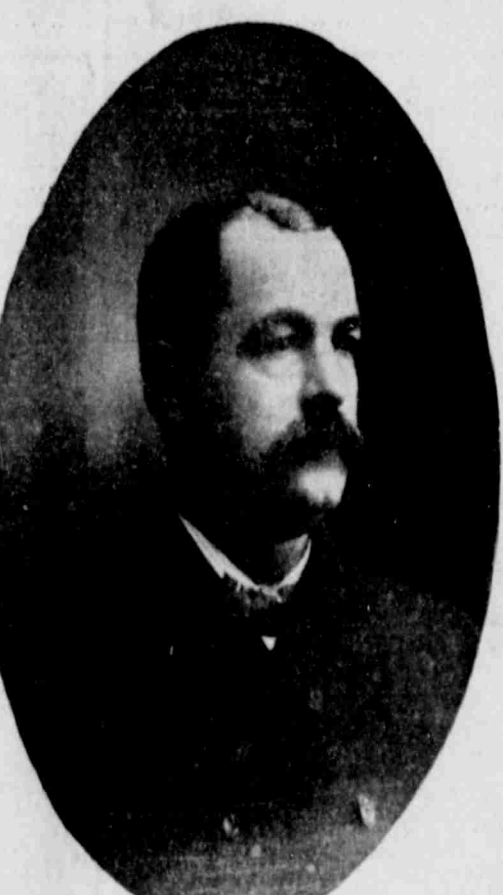
"The theory of all in the Peary party whom I heard speak of the affair is simply that Dr. Dedrick had probably been affected by the arctic climate, which caused him to act peculiarly. Mr. Peary is by no means happy over the event."—Chicago Record Herald.

PROVO MAYORALTY NOMINEES.



THOMAS N. TAYLOR.

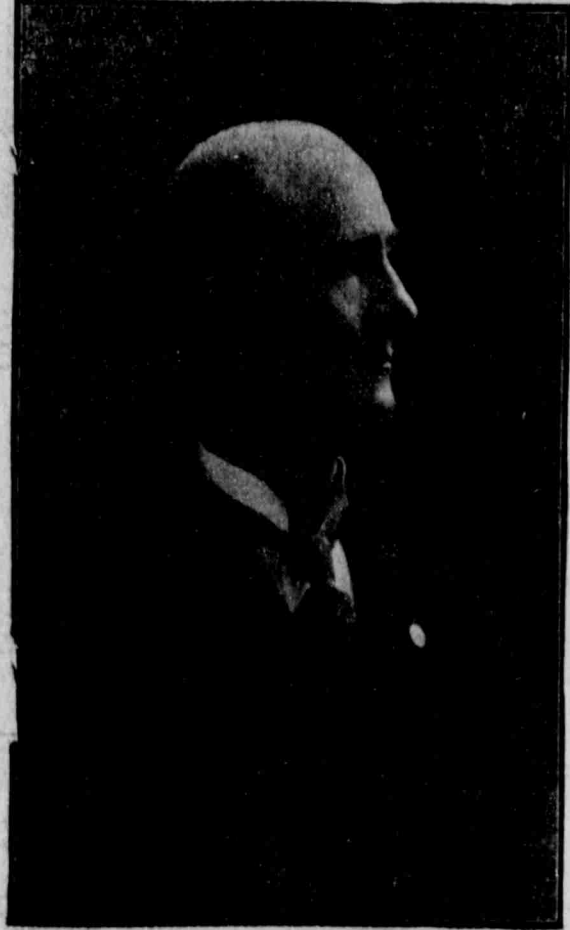
Thomas N. Taylor, Democratic nominee for mayor of Provo city, is at the head of Taylor Bros. company, the large furniture house of this city, and his ability as a business man is recognized throughout the state and among business men in the large commercial centers of the East. His strict integrity, sympathetic, kindly nature and his interest in all that tends to benefit the public have made him popular with all the people. Mr. Taylor is the present mayor, having been elected two years ago.



C. E. LOOSE.

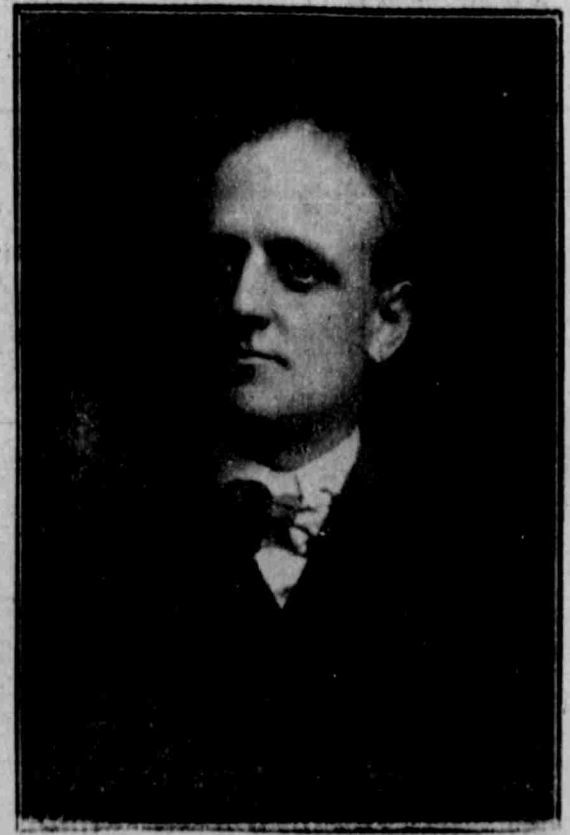
C. E. Loose, Republican nominee for mayor of Provo city, is well known throughout the state and the entire West on account of his big mining enterprises and his large and successful financial operations. He is very popular, wherever known, by reason of his broad and liberal ideas, his geniality and generosity. His active co-operation in every movement for the advancement of the city, has made him a favorite with all classes of citizens. Mr. Loose was one of the Presidential electors, for Utah,—1900.

OGDEN MAYORALTY NOMINEES.



WILLIAM GLASMANN.

The name of William Glasmann is a familiar one in Ogden where he has been made the Republican nominee for mayor. In fact it is familiar throughout the state. For years Mr. Glasmann has been heard in the councils of his party; and during the last session of the Legislature was speaker of the lower branch of that body.



JOSEPH SCOWCROFT.

Joseph Scowcroft is a well known business man and a popular worker in the ranks of the Democracy which chose him to be its standard-bearer in the present municipal contest. He is young and active and heavily interested in the Junction city over which he will preside as chief executive during the next two years provided he is elected.